

THE
HEAVENLY
PILGRIM
AND OTHER
POEMS

D. RAND PIERCE



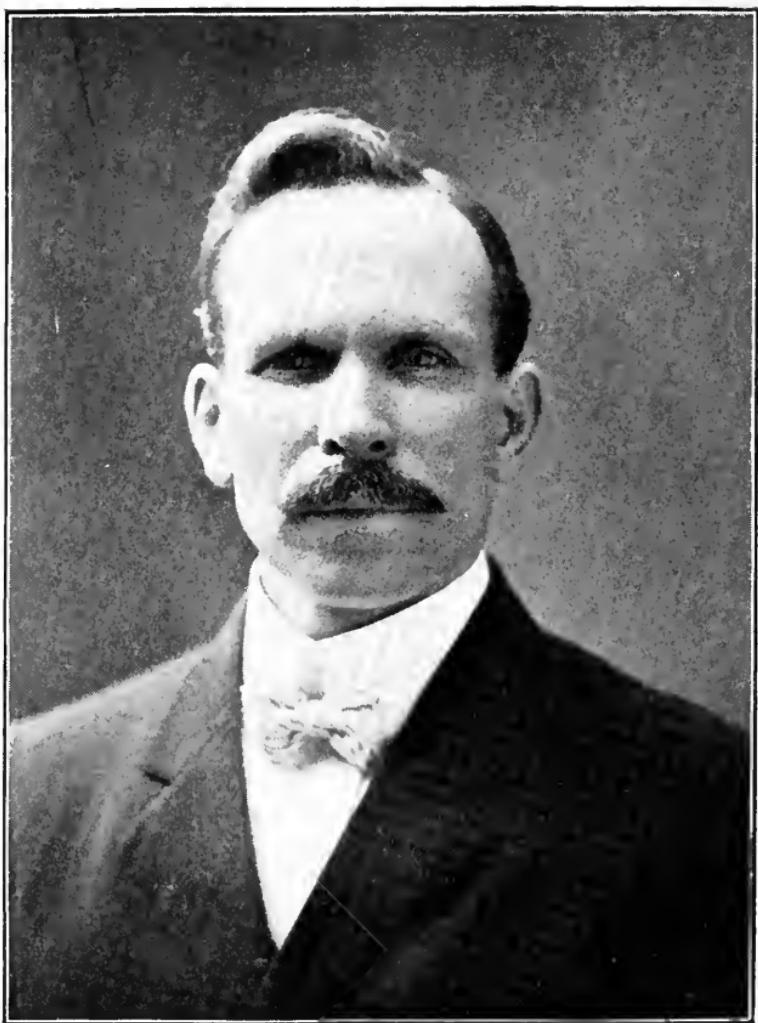
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Dr Rand Pierce

The Heavenly Pilgrim and Other Poems

BY

REV. D. RAND PIERCE

EDITOR "BEULAH CHRISTIAN" AND "THE PENTECOSTAL
QUARTERLY"

"*Thou shalt compass me about with
songs of deliverance.*" Ps. xxxii. 7.

ILLUSTRATED

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DEDICATORY

[See Page 66]

TO MY DEVOTED WIFE
MARY EVERETT PIERCE
WHOSE CHRISTLIKE COMPANIONSHIP
HAS SWEETENED MY LIFE
THROUGH ITS JOYS AND SORROWS
ITS SERVICE AND SACRIFICE
AND TO ALL THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

PREFACE

This volume is not a literary venture. No earthly fame as the result of its publication is anticipated or craved for by the author. The character of its contents forbids any wide appreciation by the general public. It is sent forth with the desire that it may bring some degree of comfort and encouragement to the saints of God in their earthly pilgrimage, and some measure of glory to the name of the world's Redeemer.

These poetic waifs have been garnered from the more than twenty years of the author's literary and ministerial career, and furnish a convenient milestone to mark the end of his fortieth annual, which occurred November 20th, 1909.

The splendid drawings with which the book is embellished are the work of the late Frank Beard, that prince of religious illustrators.

With a fervent prayer for Heaven's blessing to attend them, these songs of faith and cheer are sent forth to the burdened hearts of redeemed humanity.

THE AUTHOR.

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PART FIRST

SONGS OF PILGRIMAGE

THE HEAVENLY PILGRIM

How blessed the peace
Which a saint only knows,
That over his heart
Like a calm river flows,
That lights all his path,
On mountain or plain,
And deepens his joy,
And softens his pain!

His pilgrimage here
Amid sorrows may lie,
But the silver of love
Doth each cloud glorify.
Though poverty comes,
And a shelter denies,
He cheerfully sings
Of his home in the skies!

His burden of sin,
That so heavily bore,
Is cast in the sea
And remembered no more.
His robes have been washed
In the blood of the Lamb,
And his heart is aglow
With the heavenly flame!

The way that he travels
Is narrow and straight,
And often beset
By the lions of hate,
But joyful he mounts,
Like the lark in the morn,
“ For ravenous beasts
Shall not go up theron.”

A day — and the trials
Of earth are all past;
He enters the portals
Of heaven at last;
The gate opens wide,
And his glorified feet
Are gliding in haste
Up the bright golden street!

His suffering below
Not a moment compares
With the full cup of bliss
Which in glory he shares;
His spirit is ravished,
As beauties enthrall,
But the face of his Saviour
Is fairest of all!

A pauper on earth —
He is reigning with kings;
And vieing with angels
Exultantly sings;



THE DYING PILGRIM

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my
last end be like his.—Num. 23 10.

*A day—and the trials
Of earth are all past;
He enters the portals
Of heaven at last.*

At the marriage repast
Of the Lamb he sits down,
And wears in its splendor
A star-laden crown!

Despised and unknown
By the wisdom of earth,
An object of pity,
The subject of mirth,
Now angels behold,
As they hear with surprise
This pilgrim commune
With the king of the skies!

No heartaches are here!
No pain and no tears!
No sin to embitter
Eternity's years!
But oceans of joy,
And rivers of peace,
Shall roll where the anthems
Of praise never cease!

O child of the world!
Wouldst thou know in thy heart
The fullness of joy
Which this peace can impart?
Thy moment of pleasure
How soon it is past!
Oh, drink at the Fountain
Of joy that can last!

Here's rest for thy soul
Which the world cannot know!
Here's joy for thy grief,
And weal for thy woe!
Here's One who has died
On Calvary's tree,
And opened the portals
Of heaven for thee!

O Lord, let me sing
So sweet that my song
May win some poor souls
From satan and wrong;
Or lead some to enter
That land of delight,
Where their yoke will be easy,
Their burden be light!

MY MIRRORED HEART

The Saviour's heart became one day
A mirror to my own;
I saw in painful contrast then
The sin I had not known.

That revelation so complete
Showed why He could not bless;
The very best of good I'd prized
Seemed stained with selfishness.

My heart was sick: "O Christ, I cried,
I long to be like thee;
I utterly abhor myself;
Canst Thou not make me free?"

My burden grew of strong desire;
I could not be denied;
I wept and prayed till Jesus came,
And I was sanctified!

Since, many years have come and fled,
With moments grave and gay,
Yet sweeter still within my heart
The Saviour lives to-day!

MY CONSECRATION

To give up all to Christ seemed such deep sacrifice
My thirsting soul had almost fainted at the price;
But when he whispered, "I gave all that you call
'mine,'"
I answered, "Lord, thine own shall be forever
thine."

So all I had, or was, or hoped to be, I lay
In glad surrender at the Saviour's feet that day;
And He my humble offering lifted joyfully,
And gave it back enriched an hundred-fold to me.

What golden hours have since flown by. Some
said a slave
I'd be, if all my life, and love, and will I gave —
But though a thousand year's below 'twere mine to
plod,
I would each moment be the love-slave of my Lord!

THE TRANSFORMING VISION

When Abraham left Chaldee land,
His friends all thought him crazy;
He did not know where he would go,
His future seemed all hazy;
But he pressed on, till one glad morn
A telescope God gave him,—
He saw through tears two thousand years,
The Christ whose blood would save him.

Then David, Moses, and Isaiah,
Jeremiah and Ezekiel,
Elijah and Elisha, too,
And Daniel with his "Tekel,"
They all were true their journey through,
And never lost the fire,
So God let them look down through time
And see the world's Messiah.

And there was one, good Simeon,
The Holy Ghost had told him
That ere death came the Christ would come,
His longing eyes behold Him;

So when they bore, through temple door,
The Babe, oh, what elation
Did fill his breast, his eyes at last
Had seen the Lord's salvation!

And there was John, the saintly one,
On Patmos they had shoved him,
Because, forsooth, he told the truth
About the Lord who loved him;
And Jesus there, one Lord's day fair,
Came without invitation,
And John was blessed almost to death,
And wrote the Revelation.

And hundreds more, both rich and poor,
Lived on with none to praise them;
They welcomed death strong in the faith
That God had power to raise them;
They faltered not, though fierce and hot
The stake arose before them,
Like angels bright their face did light,
As God's dear Son yearned o'er them.

Yea, who could tell the names that swell
The angel's snowy pages,
Of all the throng of heroes strong
Who've glorified the ages;
Some in the blaze of public gaze,
And some unknown to story,
Who've loved the truth because forsooth
They've seen the Lord of glory.

And oft my life, once filled with strife,
 Comes back with memory bitter,
When far from God, beneath His rod,
 I sought sin's glare and glitter;
Till in despair a vision fair
 To my poor soul was given; —
'Twas Christ, and He bade me go free,
 And filled my heart with heaven!

Now years this joy without alloy
 My cup has oft run over,
And o'er my way, from day to day,
 Glad angels seem to hover.
I wonder how such love to show,
 But simple is the story,
Like all the rest, so richly blessed,
 I've seen the King of glory!

ALL ON THE ALTAR

All on the altar. Purged by His blood.
Pride and ambition under the flood.
Measureless peace and heavenly rest,
Leaning my head on the dear Saviour's breast!

All on the altar. Never within,
The warring of love with Satan and sin!
Dear was the cost! But what of the tree?
And the anguish that purchased redemption for me?

All on the altar. Blessed surprise —
The veil of the carnal removed from my eyes.
No bitterness now my pleasure divides;
'Tis sweetness alone where the Saviour abides!

All on the altar. Blest be His name,
Jesus has borne for me sorrow and shame!
Bought my redemption! Henceforth at His feet,
Humbly I'll bask in His sunshine so sweet!

All on the altar. Words cannot bear
What the heart feels when Jesus is there!
I in my Saviour, He only in me,—
Oh, what a foretaste of rapture to be!

THE HIDDEN GEM

Once rugged and rough a rude rock lay,
Thrown aside and spurned as well,
Till its heart was broke, and out to-day
A beautiful diamond fell.

How often in sin a poor soul seems
Like the rock on which men frown,
Till the touch of love, and out there gleams
A gem for the Saviour's crown!

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

“ What would Jesus do ? ” said a maiden fair,
As she weighed her life with pensive air,—

“ What would the Saviour do ? ”
And she viewed her home so rich and grand,
With comfort and ease on every hand,
And sighed, “ Ah, if I knew ”

She thought of the years she had spent in vain,
In living for self and pleasure’s train; —

All wasted now they seemed.
And a tear stole down her face upturned
From the depths of her girlish heart that yearned
To be all she had dreamed.

On her bended knee, with tear-stained cheek,
She murmured, “ O Christ, thou knowest how weak
A child I am of Thine;
Canst thou not strengthen my fainting heart,
And bid me to share some humble part
Of ministry divine ? ”

She rose with her youthful heart aglow
With that joyous thrill those only know
Who give to Christ their all;
And soon with an impulse, new and sweet,
She was gliding along the city street
Past mansions grand and tall.

On and on she sped, till she entered in
At a humble cot where pale and thin
A dying mother lay.
Not a Christian hand had soothed that brow
With fever burned, nor had told her how
The Christ could be her stay.

Then her girlish fingers, soft and white,
Flew here and there with touch so light
They seemed an angel's hand.
The room was tidied, the parched lips bathed,
Choice dainties prepared and the hot brow swathed,
And the fainting sufferer fanned.

The little ones, too, were cleansed and fed,
And told how the blessed Saviour said,
The children, dear, might come.
Then her skillful hands swept o'er the keys
Of the organ worn, till sweet melodies
Filled all the lowly home.

How she sang with eyes too full for sight,
Of " Rest for the weary," " There'll be no night,"
And " Rock of Ages " blest.
Then she knelt beside the pallet bare,
And poured out her heart in fervent prayer
To Him who giveth rest.

Then " Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,"
She sang with flowing eyes;



THE CONSECRATION OF A LIFE

*“What would Jesus do?” said a maiden fair,
As she weighed her life with pensive air,—
“What would the Saviour do?”*

While over that sufferer's face so worn
Spread a light it never yet had borne,—
 Reflected from the skies.

Then a tender kiss, and a message sweet,
And a girlish form flew down the street
 With joy all new within.
And never before did she understand
Why the Saviour left all heaven grand
 To die for souls in sin.

“What would Jesus do ?” How this question turns
The mind from self to the Christ who yearns
 To make each heart His shrine.
And, oh, the bliss that banishes care,
When with Him 'tis ours some part to share
 Of ministry divine!

LOVE — CONSTRAINED

'Tis never hard to sacrifice,
 When tender love constrains us;
To be denied the privilege,
 Is what most deeply pains us.

When Jesus died for men, 'twas love
 Far deeper than a mother's;
And those who share that love, like Him,
 Lay down their lives for others!

THE WONDROUS BLESSING

There was a thirsting in my soul,
A hunger in my breast,
A longing still unsatisfied
For sweet, unbroken rest;
I knew not how to find it then —
Praise God, I do to-day!
The precious, all-atoning blood
Has washed my sin away.

For long I dared not hope that I
Might full salvation win;
That such a blessing could be mine
While in this world of sin;
But when I consecrated all,
And vowed the world to tell,
With waves of peace and purity
The fire from heaven fell!

'Twas not for aught that I had done
The wondrous blessing came;
My dearth of toil and sacrifice
Had filled my heart with shame;
'Twas Jesus, who, for such as I,
Paid all upon the tree!
Whose tears and blood in anguish flowed
To cleanse and make me free!

So now my soul delights itself
In Canaan's richest spoil;
Grows fat on honey, milk and grapes,
And corn and wine and oil;
And, oh, the blessed victory
That keeps my soul aflame,
Since that sweet day the Comforter
Into my poor heart came!

ONLY A WORD

'Twas only a word to a wanderer far,
And the speaker quite broke down,
But the Truth went home, and another star
Was won for a golden crown.

JESUS IS MINE

Whether a mansion, a cot, or a cave,
Whether a monarch, a subject, or slave,
How could my soul for a moment repine —
Jesus is mine!

Once 'twas for honor and wealth that I craved;
Fell at the feet of Ambition enslaved;
But, oh, what rapture, I've found a new shrine —
Jesus is mine!

Into my heart the dear Saviour has come;
Chosen and cleansed it to be his own home;
Now I no longer for other joys pine —
 Jesus is mine!

Though griefs be many, and pleasures be few,
Though loved ones leave me and friends prove
 untrue,
There's one who'll never withdraw nor decline —
 Jesus is mine!

Though years may gather, and brown locks grow
 gray,
Though plans be broken, and hopes flee away,
Still I will sing, as my gold they refine —
 Jesus is mine!

Jesus is mine! Oh, how sweet is that word!
Tenderest chords of affection are stirred!
He to my soul is the Lover Divine! —
 Jesus is mine!

Jesus forever! In joy, or in pain;
Jesus in poverty, labor, or gain;
Jesus on earth, or where angel hosts shine —
 Jesus is mine!

Jesus forever! Jesus forever!
Blessed Redeemer, He'll leave me no never!
Nothing from me can my precious Lord sever —
 Jesus is mine!

MY PRAYER

O Lord, give me that inner sight,
That unseen beauty sees;
The ear that hears, through error's night,
Truth's coming victories.

Give me the faith that never makes
Of human flesh its arm;
But on Jehovah's Promise stakes
The issue — and is calm.

Give me the Spirit's power to meet
All foes that may assail;
The grace to keep me firm and sweet
When wrong seems to prevail.

Give me a heart that loves when all
Around unlovely seems;
That throbs with hope when pillars fall,
And fade life's fondest dreams!

Give me a mind so stayed on Thee,
A trust so calm and sure,
That kept in perfect peace I'll be,
And to the end endure.

AN OLD-TIMER'S EXPERIENCE

*With compliments to
Dr. and Mrs. P. F. Bresee*

Well, wife, I've found the church at last
We've longed once more to know;
I worshipped there this Sabbath morn,
And, oh, how grace did flow!
Excuse me, dear, I scarce can eat,
I've been so richly fed;
In forty years I've never been
To such a Gospel spread.

It seemed that God had opened wide
The windows up above,
And poured upon my thirsty soul
A cataract of love.
My cup is running over now;
I've got to let it out;
Oh, glory, hallelujah! wife,
It does me good to shout.

I'll tell you how it happened, dear;
As I strode up the walk
I spied a modest-looking church
Aside about a block;
A stranger said 'twas "holiness" —
That word for years so sweet;
I entered with the worshippers
And found a pleasant seat.

It seemed like good old times again,
The people dressed so plain;
You'd know at once they lived for Christ
And not for worldly gain;
And folks who looked like they were poor
Were not put in the rear;
The ushers led them near the front,
Where they'd be sure to hear.

I saw a brother, old and deaf,
Much like myself, you know;
His clothes were worn, and timidly
He took the farthest row;
But then a noble brother came,
The aged saint to greet,
And led him by his trembling arm
Up to the nearest seat.

The preacher did not speculate,—
He said the Word was true;
And told how Christ has still the power
To save us through and through.
He took us back to Eden's fall,
Then down man's sinful track
To Calvary and Pentecost,
Where man gets Eden back.

He told of all the hunger deep
That fills the Christian's soul,
Who has not consecrated all
And been made fully whole;



THE PENITENT SINNER

*I tell you, wife, it stirred my soul
To see the mourners sweep
Up to that bench, like good old times,
And cry aloud and weep.*

He pictured out the wilderness,
And all the trials there,
Then painted in the richest hues
The land of Canaan fair.

The fields and hills and vineyards, too,
Pomegranates ripe and red,
The milk and honey, oil and wine,
And corn for giant's bread,
Till I felt all must long to wade
Right through the Jordan's tide,
And settle in that blissful land
Forever to abide.

And how my soul did leap for joy
To hear the preacher say:
“ Now if some of God's children here
Would find this land to-day,
Just leave the wilderness behind,
With all its doubts and fears,
And gather round the altar-rail
And pray till Heaven hears.”

And sinners and backsliders, too,
He warned to flee from wrath,
And begged them leave the world's broad way
And take the narrow path.
I tell you, wife, it stirred my soul
To see the mourners sweep
Up to that bench, like good old times,
And cry aloud and weep.

And when the Holy Spirit came,
 Oh, what a time we had!
Some marched, some shouted, and some sang;
 Some frowned like they were mad.
But I just sat me down and wept,
 Like those in Ezra's day,
Who saw God's temple rise again —
 My lot seemed just that way.

That meeting was like those sweet days
 When you and I were young;
I'll not forget the shouting, dear,
 And how we prayed and sung;
Nor how some traveled up and down
 The aisles with face aglow,
And plead with souls to give up all,
 And full salvation know.

The singing, wife, I can't describe;
 It blessed my spirit so;
Some hymns were new, and some were those
 That we sung years ago.
There was no choir to do it all;
 The congregation sang;
And when they struck, "All hail the power,"
 It seemed all heaven rang!

The dear old brother just in front
 Forgot about his clothes;
And as the inspiration gained
 His spirit also rose;

He sang with all his might and main,
“ Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all! ”

He could not see the leader clear,
His deafness bothered, too,
And he had half a line to sing
When all the rest were through;
But on he sang with trumpet voice,
And finished up alone —
Through flooded eyes he seemed to see
The Lamb upon His throne!

I could not help it, wife, but I
Lost sight of earthly things;
I seemed to see my Saviour, too,
The blessed King of kings;
My heart was melted at the sight.
My tears fell to the floor;
I shouted as I have not done
In forty years and more!

Well, wife, I can’t describe the half,
With this poor stammering tongue;
But all my soul is filled with love,
And I feel strangely young;
And let us now, till our frail bark
On heaven’s strand is beached,
Join those who worship at the church
Where perfect love is preached.



THE OLD-TIMER REJOICING

*I shouted as I have not done
In forty years and more!*

YOU CAN SHINE

Though, like Moses, you're not gifted,
 You can shine;
Though you're not a Paul or Wesley,
 You can shine;
In the town or in the city,
Foes may curse or friends may pity,—
If you've found the promised blessing
 You will shine!

Though you may not head a movement,
 You can shine!
Though you're not called to the pulpit,
 You can shine!
In the school or shop or household,
When the trials pile up tenfold,—
If the Spirit is abiding
 You will shine!

When the little testings throng you,
 You can shine;
When the mighty battle's on you,
 You can shine;
When the tide is running highest,
Or the meeting seems the driest,—
If you really have the blessing
 You will shine!

If the blood has cleansed you wholly,
 You will shine!

If you feed on milk and honey,
 You will shine!
Then each look and word and action
Will bespeak sweet satisfaction,
And while love keeps burning in you
 You will shine!

If your heart with love is burning,
 You will shine!
And your daily life reflect
 A light divine!
If your all is on the altar,
And the Comforter abides,—
If you really have the blessing
 You will shine!

THE SOUL'S GRANDEUR

Oh, the deep and ever deepening
 Wonders of the human soul!
Oh, the cataracts of passion!
 Oh, the seas of love that roll!
Oh, the dark and gloomy caverns,
 Where the light has never gleamed!
Oh, the mines of wealth and beauty,
 Where the love of Christ has beamed!

Crowning glory of creation!
 Towering like some peak untrod,

Sun-kissed and alone outreaching
All the handiwork of God!
Keyed to catch the feeble impulse
Of the lowest creature-love!
Strung to feel the mighty heart-throbs
Of the Infinite above!

Who can tell the nameless longing
That within the soul doth lie!
Yearnings that earth's wealth and beauty
Hold no charms to satisfy!
Kingly crowns and court and empire,
Or the wreaths of fame's elite,
Leave a still unsated craving
Only God Himself can meet!

Like a world swung from its orbit,
Wand'ring through the regions vast.
Like a land-lark from its meadow,
Far upon the ocean cast;
Like a lily, pure and lovely,
Torn and trampled in the sod,
Is the soul that sin has severed
From the Father-heart of God.

Ah, but where's the dreaming poet,
Who in numbers can display;
Where the painter, who on canvas
Rarest beauties can portray;
Where the magical musician,
Who can strike the sweetest chord; —

That can half express the grandeur
Of a soul at one with God ?

Language owns herself a pauper;
Fairest colors hide their face;
Loftiest strains of master-music
Seek in vain those heights of grace;
Broader than the boundless ocean,
Deeper than the deep blue sea,
Is that bliss that none may fathom
Till he fathoms Diety!

ISN'T IT NICE HE KNOWS

A bouquet of comforting thoughts for my esteemed friend and long-patient sufferer, Miss Myrta Peel.

Isn't it nice when you feel weak
To know God's might ?
Or, when you're pressed, know where to seek
Help in the fight ?
Isn't it nice to have a Friend that you
Can always trust to bring you safely through ?

Isn't it nice when all seems wrong
To feel God knows ?
And trusting Him just sing your song
In sweet repose ?
Isn't it nice that He can look way down
Your heart of hearts and smile while others frown ?

Isn't it nice when you are lone
To feel God near?
When sorrows come you ne'er have known
To share His cheer?
Isn't it nice that still there is a breast
Where every aching heart can find sweet rest?

Isn't it nice in pain and such
To know God's care?
To feel His tender, healing touch
In answered prayer?
Isn't it nice He knows each heart's distress,
And waits with outstretched arms to soothe and
bless?

AT THY FEET, LORD

At Thy feet, Lord, at Thy feet,
Earthly bitter turns to sweet;
There I lay my burdens down,
When my heart is overborne —
Trials, troubles, great and small,
At Thy feet I lay them all.

At Thy feet, Lord, at Thy feet,
All Thy saints in spirit meet;
Sundered far though they may be,
Some o'er land and some o'er sea,
Yet o'er wires unseen there dart
Messages from heart to heart.

At Thy feet, Lord, at Thy feet,
Chaff is winnowed from the wheat;
Richer grows the character
Of the soul found often there;
Thoughtful speech and gentleness
More and more bestow their grace.

At Thy feet, Lord, at Thy feet,
There I find communion sweet;
Fondly linger, loath to move,
Billowed on a sea of love;
Wafted oft' on joyous swell
Into bliss unspeakable!

At Thy feet, Lord, at Thy feet,
Thoughts of heaven grow more sweet;
Earth joys fade, and in their place
Fairer dreams of Thy dear face,
Till it seems love's gravity
Fain would lift my soul to Thee!

SCATTER THE SEED

Scatter seeds of Truth about you,
They will not die.
Though some scorn and some mistreat you,
Yet some blood-washed souls will meet you
In the sky!

NEHEMIAH ON THE WALL

Nehemiah rode from Babylon
Up to Jerusalem;
He found the walls all broken down,
His countrymen in shame;
His heart was sad, for once the world
With Zion's fame was filled;
He vowed if God would prosper him,
The wall again he'd build.

Then as he told the Jews, they said,
“ Let us rise up and build;
These gateways and these breaches, too,
Shall every one be filled.”
But when Sanballat and Tobiah,
And Geshem heard the news,
They laughed the enterprise to scorn,
And mocked the feeble Jews.

Then Nehemiah answered them,
“ Our God will see us through;
We will arise and build the wall
In spite of all you do;
You have no lot nor part within
Jerusalem at all;
Our dead, not yours, lie buried here,
We will rebuild the wall! ”

Then every man a weapon held
Within his hand and wrought;
And up the wall rose rapidly
In spite of heathen sport;
So Nehemiah then they tried
To stop with art and frown,
But he replied, "I'm doing a work
So great I can't come down."

So on amid intrigue and scorn,
They worked with might and main;
The gaps were filled, the doors were hung,
The wall was whole again;
And then a week of jubilee
The Jews could well afford;
But, oh, their foes were much cast down,—
They saw 'twas wrought of God!

But once again fair Zion's wall
Is sadly broken down;
And at the few who will be true,
The lukewarm scoff and frown;
But, with the God of Nehemiah,
We will not fear at all,
But sing and shout, and work and pray,—
We will rebuild the wall!

Nehemiah on the wall!
Nehemiah on the wall!
Sanballat couldn't frighten him,
Nor get him down at all!

He had the blessing Peter found,—
 Oh, give us more to-day,
Who'll build the wall in spite of all
 Sanballats do or say!

TO-MORROWS NEVER COME

To-morrow's phantom bridge, or fancied ill,
 Steals oft our present joyfulness away;
But those who learn to-morrows never come,
 Are happy, trusting God just for to-day.

THE FIRE OF PENTECOST

Our fathers worshipped God in truth,
 And in the Spirit, too,
And perfect love burned in their hearts
 In pulpit and in pew;
Their words were clothed with holy fire,
 They felt what life had cost,
And sinners wept and plead because
 They knew that they were lost.

Their preaching was the simple truth;
 Not of the modern kind,
That treats of some dogmatic fad
 To please the carnal mind;

But like the words that Peter spoke,
They pierced the sinner through,
And showed him pardon for his guilt,
And grace to cleanse him, too.

The house of God was holy kept;
Within its sacred walls
The fickle led no worldly sports,
No fairs nor festivals;
No merchandise by sinners there
Was either bought or sold;
They made and kept their temples pure,
As Jesus did of old.

They had the Spirit's power within,
And loved to pray and shout;
Which stirred the country all around,
And brought the people out;
And whether church, or lowly cot,
Their meeting-house became,
Still burned like fire within their hearts
The pentecostal flame!

O sad, sad change! Has all the salt
Its pristine savor lost?
Shall Satan smother by his power
The fire of Pentecost?
Ah, no, the arm of God is bare,
A frowning world shall see,
That He who conquered death and hell
Can still give victory!

Oh, bring us back again the days
That Paul and Silas knew!
When Wesley preached and sang those songs
That pierced the sinner through!
The days our fathers toiled and wept,
And felt the old-time power!
Let pentecostal fire come down
Upon our hearts this hour!

AN UNANSWERED PRAYER

I prayed a prayer in deep despair,
I know it reached the Throne,
For in my breast
I felt that rest
Unnumbered hearts have known,
Who've plead their cause with tear and word,
Till something whispered: "Thou art heard."

He did not say on just what day
The answer would be given;
But He knows best,
And so I rest
With soul serene as heaven.
And, if He tarry, I will wait,—
He never comes one moment late!



AN EXHORTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

*The days our fathers toiled and wept,
And felt the old-time power!*

THE JOY-BELLS

Joy-bells, joy-bells, hear them gladly ringing!
Sweet as happy angels up in heaven singing!

How they make the heart to swell,
Till no human tongue can tell
Half the blissful rapture that salvation tide is
bringing!

Joy-bells, joy-bells, music sweet as heaven,
To the saddened souls who've had their sins for-
given!

And their tones the sweeter fall
On the hearts who've given all,
And have found the blessed land for which they've
fondly striven!

Joy-bells, joy-bells, may their silver singing
Reach the darkened multitudes, full salvation
bringing!

Then their notes will never die,
For that multitude on high,
In one mighty chorus will set all of heav'n ringing!

JESUS KNOWS

*Blessed be . . . the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.—
2 Cor. i. 3, 4.*

Have you little daily trials, hard to bear ?
Testings that earth's dearest loved ones cannot share?

Then to you a wondrous secret I'll disclose —
When you've troubles, just remember,— Jesus knows.

Are you often sick and tired through and through ?
But you do not wish to burden others, too ?
Then for you the "Balm in Gilead" freely flows —
Tell Him all your pain and suffering — Jesus knows.

Do the clouds of sorrow sometimes cross your sky ?
Bringing tears that human comfort cannot dry ?
Then remember there's a bosom for repose —
Tell it to the "Man of Sorrows" — Jesus knows.

Does the storm of fierce temptation sometimes sweep,
Till it seems your bark will founder in the deep ?
Then remember that, no matter how it blows,
You can always gain the victory — Jesus knows.

Do you toil and sacrifice for others' good ?
Then oft' find your motives harshly misconstrued ?
Does your heart bleed, sometimes, wounded not by
foes ?
Think of Him friends mocked and murdered —
Jesus knows.

Do the ones you love the dearest fail to see
Aught that's lovely in your life or purity ?
Do they blindly try your footsteps to oppose ?
So did loved ones your Redeemer — Jesus knows.

Do you see beyond some broader harvest field ?
And you'd gladly there a larger sickle wield ?
But instead another fellow-toiler goes ?
Labor on, though but a gleaner — Jesus knows.

Do you sometimes fear your service is so small
That in heaven you may wear no crown at all ?
Have your plans for His sake perished like the
rose ?
Then rejoice ! you'll share His glory — Jesus
knows !

Jesus knows, yes, He knows,
All your struggles, all your trials Jesus knows;
So whatever Love may send,
Don't forget your dearest Friend,
But in smiles or tears remember,— Jesus knows !

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND

Two monks at eve, the story goes,
Were wont to sing before repose
 A hymn of praise.
One night a stranger joined their song
With voice so musical and strong
They ceased to sing and listened long,
 Wrapt in amaze.

Ah, sighed the two, if we could sing
So grand the praises of our King,
 What joy were ours;
But now, alas, the flight of time
Hath robbed us of our notes sublime,
That once arose a golden chime
 From out these bow'rs.

Next morn an angel met their gaze
And asked, " Why was no hymn of praise
 At evening sung ? "
They hasted then to tell how one
Had raised the song with such sweet tone
That all around the walls of stone
 Had gladly rung.

" But not a note reached to the skies,"
The angel said. " Learn not to prize
 The highest art.

Though rich and grand such seem to thee,
And thine own strains discordant be,
Still sing! for heaven's melody
Springs from the heart."

Then did the aged monks rejoice,
To know in heav'n 'tis not the voice
The King doth prize.
For music that's divine is born
Of hearts where holy love alone
Doth truly dwell. No artful tone
Can reach the skies.

What comfort sweet this tale should bring
To those who have no voice to sing
With birdlike tone.
For every heart that throbs with love
Doth vibrate with the harps above,
Where myriads, pure as Jordan's Dove,
Play round the throne!

BLEST SECRET PLACE

Into the secret place I hie,—
Alone with God;
No other cherished presence nigh,—
Only my Lord;
The busy, cumbered world I leave behind,
And sweetest rest from all life's burdens find.

Blest secret place! How dear to me
Thy sacred bow'rs;
How often memory turns to thee,
Sweet golden hours;
My paradise in thee I long have found,
And soothing balm for every bleeding wound.

Oh, may my love for thee increase
Each passing day;
No earthly care tempt me to cease
To watch and pray;
And when on heaven's shore all joy shall blend,
What hours of sweet communion there I'll spend!

THE SWEETEST HOURS I KNOW

Let others tell with ecstacy
Of their hours of deepest joy,
When pleasure's cup seems nearest full
Of the bliss without alloy,
But oh, to me, of all the hours
That upon my life-stream flow,
The ones I spend with Christ alone
Are the sweetest hours I know!

Some find their pleasure in the dance,
With its subtle power to sway;
Some buy their only hours of joy
At the passion-stirring play;

But higher are the joys I feel
Than the sun from earth below!
And, best of all, the hours with Christ
Are the sweetest hours I know!

I've loved ones that are near and dear,
And the ties that bind are sweet;
And when communion we enjoy,
The hours are far too fleet;
But after all that human love
In its fullness can bestow,
The hours I spend with Christ alone
Are the sweetest hours I know!

I love to hear the preached Word,
As it falls from lips of fire,
With truth to feed my hungry soul
And my flagging faith inspire;
And how my heart is filled when I
To the hour of worship go,
But the secret hours alone with Christ
Are the sweetest hours I know!

There is a tender fellowship
That the tongue cannot express,
That binds as one the hearts that know
Of the sweets of holiness,
And oft we linger to commune,
While the hours too swiftly go;
But though so blest, those spent with Christ
Are the sweetest hours I know!

Life has its sorrows and its joys,
And they come to one and all;
And how it soothes the heart when tears
Of compassion for us fall;
But when my cup of bliss is full,
Or the tears of sorrow flow,
The hours I share it all with Christ
Are the sweetest hours I know!

He's coming back to earth again,
For His long-expectant bride;
And through the air we'll wing our way
With the blood-washed to His side;
And then forever with the Lord
We shall be, while ages flow;
And, oh, what bliss, if *with Him now*
Are the sweetest hours I know!

THE LITTLE FOXES

'Tis little foxes spoil the vines;
The large ones are so big
That we just watch them while, alas,
Our vines go twig by twig.

'Tis not some great temptation, friend,
So oft the soul ensnares;
Life's little trials, mostly, steal
Our blessings unawares.

NO HOME IN HEAVEN

“*No time* to pray!
I’m too busy, you see;
For it’s work, work, all the day,
Till I’m tired as can be;
I’m very sorry that things go this way,
But it’s no use — I’ve no time to pray.”

“*No time* to read!”
A church member? “Oh, yes;
But I’ve four children to feed,
And two of them to dress,
And a hundred other things. I’m agreed
God’s Word helps one, but I’ve no time to read.”

“*No time* to think!
There are so many things
To see to — dishes, floors, sink
And all, while baby clings
About my skirts; I scarcely stop to drink.
Religion’s grand, but I’ve no time to think.”

“*No time* to serve!
I’m too busy, I say;
It takes all my strength and nerve
At home from day to day;
There are others with plenty of reserve —
Let them do such work — I’ve no time to serve.”

No home in heaven!

Cumbered with many cares,
Richest blessings, freely given,
Lost daily, unawares!
Poor soul! When toil shall close at life's last even,
How sad 'twill be to hear, "*No home in heaven!*"

"No time to die!"

What if Christ had said thus?
Why leave the splendors on high
To die for worms like us?
But He did! and who could withhold aught? I
Am so glad my Saviour found time to die!

"No time?" Take some!

"When I've lots to do?" Yes!
Break away from life's humdrum,—
God is waiting to bless!
Let Heaven's bright sunshine into your home!
If you have no time to *take*, then *make some!*

JESUS CHRIST IS MARCHING ON!

The sound of heaven's tocsin is resounding near and far,
Calling every loyal soldier to prepare for Zion's war;
Let us then take God's whole armor and His regiments wear,—
Jesus Christ is marching on!

Two thousand years have vanished since they nailed
Him to the tree;
And they thought for sure they'd killed Him on the
hill of Calvary;
But He conquered death and hell, and then arose
triumphantly,—
Jesus Christ is marching on!

They killed His brave apostles, and they martyred
millions more,
For they thought their fiendish venom could annihi-
late His pow'r;
But while they are dead and buried, and have faded
like the flow'r,
Jesus Christ is marching on!

Again all hell is trying, in a new and subtle way,
To destroy the church of Jesus through formality's
decay;
But the Victor of the ages fills the devils wit'
dismay,—
Jesus Christ is marching on!

And now from where Atlantic tosses up her billows
grand,
To the West where old Pacific gently laves her
golden strand,
God is raising up an army that will compass sea and
land,—
Jesus Christ is marching on!

Then soldiers of Emmanuel go forward in the fray;
Proclaim the truth of holiness, of sin all washed
away;
Awake the dying millions e'er the Judgment's awful
day,—
Jesus Christ is marching on!

I DREAM OF THAT CITY

There's a beautiful city up yonder,
Where no night ever darkens the sky,
And I read with amazement and wonder
Of my home in the "sweet bye and bye."
Its walls are of loviest jasper;
Its gates are of lily-white pearl;
And nothing defiling can enter;
No flag of distress there unfurl.

In this world there are many attractions,
For its ties are both tender and strong,
Yet the heart may be free from distractions
When Jesus has turned it to song;
But, oh, when the battle seems turning,
Or my burden's too heavy to bear,
There steals o'er my heart such a longing
To go where there's never a care!

There the prophets and martyrs are gathered —
Those who laid down their lives to be true;
And there are the millions who suffered
As martyrs the world never knew!

Some 'famished alone on the hillside;
Some sang till the flames stilled their song;
And some gave their lives in the homestead,
Who'd gladly have rescued the throng!

There are those I have known in my life-day,
Who have gone where no sun needs to shine;
In our joys we were happy as May-day —
In our sorrows their tears flowed with mine;
They left me with heart broke and bleeding,
Till the Saviour's own love soothed my pain;
Now over and over I'm singing
Of the home where no heart aches again!

I think of the crowns and the sceptres,
And the music that floats on the air;
Of the angels and saints of all ages,
And the loved ones I long to meet there;
But brightest and best of its glories,
And the One that I long most to see,
Is the Saviour who left all its splendors
To redeem a poor sinner like me!

Oh, I dream of that beautiful city,
For it charms me by night and by day;
And the burdens and toils grow less heavy
As I sing like the birds blithe and gay!
Oh, I dream of its splendors unspoken,
Of its mansions and streets of pure gold;
But methinks they will all be forgotten,
When the face of the Lamb I behold!

EMPTY-HANDED INTO HEAVEN

When the silver cord of life is loosed at last,
And earth's golden opportunities are past,
If I'm saved, yet empty-handed, were there tears
Shed in heaven I should weep o'er wasted years.

Empty-handed into heaven? No! oh, no!
For the wealth and fame of worlds I would not go!
How could I be happy with no sheaves to bring?
No one rescued out of darkness for my King?

When the wounded hands and feet of Christ I see,
And the brow that wore the crown of thorns for me;
When He tells me that His heart broke for all men—
If I'm empty-handed, where will bliss be then?

Should I scarcely slip within the pearly gate,
Just in time to miss the verdict of, "Too late!"
Only then to hear it said, "No stars for thee!"
Could I sing among the star-crowned joyfully?

Empty-handed into heaven? No, oh, no!
Blessed Saviour, may I never, never go!
By thy help I'll tell, in palace and in street,
To the sad and lost redemption's story sweet.

Then some blissful day, when life's poor toil is o'er,
And the angels waft my soul to heaven's shore,
I shall not hear Thee murmur, "Nothing but
leaves!"
When I with glad heart lay down my golden sheaves.

MY MARY

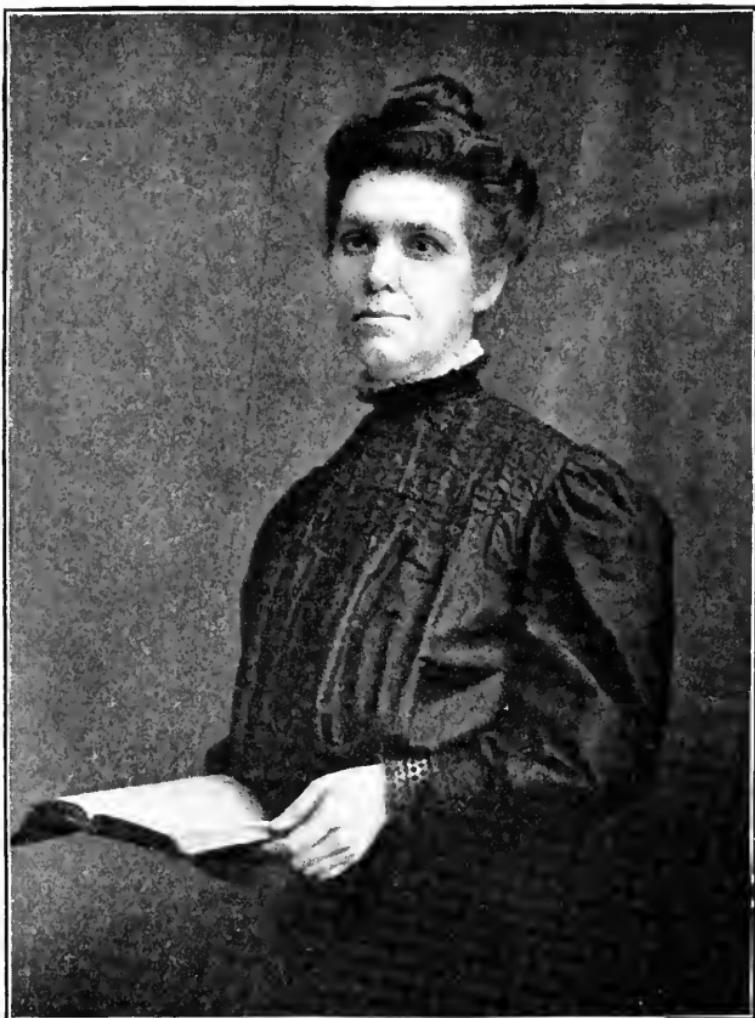
Who is it that through toilsome years
Has shared my hopes and calmed my fears,
And oft has soothed my pain with tears ? —
My Mary.

Who was it that in childhood sweet,
Like her of old sought Jesus feet,
And found in Him her joy complete ? —
My Mary.

Who was it that in youth's bright hours,
When all around bloomed pleasure's flow'rs,
To Christ gave gladly all her pow'rs ? —
My Mary.

Who is it now, in woman's prime,
Like Pilgrim scales those heights sublime,
Where often floats sweet heaven's chime ? —
My Mary.

Who will it be, some glad day sweet,
I'll find on heaven's golden street,
Her starry crown at Jesus' feet ? —
My Mary.



MARY EVERETT PIERCE

PART SECOND

SONGS IN MANY KEYS

BRAVE DOROTHY LEE

Come gather around me, children dear,
I'll tell you a story you'll love to hear;
How Dorothy Lee, just eleven, I think,
Came up to a bridge at the river's brink,
And saw that the beams were all afire
And the flames fast mounting higher and higher.
She watched as the timbers, black and burned,
Fell where the waters foamed and churned.

Then quickly her heart most stopped with fright,
For there, as she gazed on the raging sight,
She remembered that now was the very time
When the fast express was due. To climb
To the tracks and stop it was then the thought
That burned in her breast. She had been taught
That a girl should be both brave and true,
But, "Oh," she cried, "what shall I do?"
Up the track she ran, but she was too small,
She felt quite sure, to stop it at all.
Then she thought how God could answer prayer,
For she had been taught of His love and care;
So she quickly dropped on her girlish knees
And said, "Dear Lord, won't you help me, please?"

Far up the track the long whistle blew,
Nearer and nearer the swift train drew!
"Please help me, Lord!" once again she prayed.

Then she remembered how some one had said
That red was the signal of danger men used.
“ But where shall I find such a banner ? ” she
mused.

“ Your petticoat’s red,” a voice seemed to speak.
In a moment ’twas off, and like a bright streak
The strangest of flags was swung to and fro,
As tree-tops are swayed when the summer winds
blow.

Ah, the engineer sees it, and springing like steel
The throttle is in, and the brakes hug each wheel!
The dashing train stops at the chasm so great,
And hundreds are saved from a terrible fate!

So glad was the throng, some laughed and some
wept;

For there right before them the cataract swept.
And men with big tears just filling their eyes
Caught the little girl up, all abashed with surprise,
And bore her about on their shoulders so broad,
While the multitude cheered her and many thanked
God.

And Frenchmen were there, both noble and grand,
Who told her brave deed in their own native
land;

And France quickly voted that she should belong
To the Legion of Honor — a hero among
The brave of all ages! And also that she
Might come to their schools, far over the sea,
And visit the wonderful things that entrance,
All free as a guest of the people of France!

So that is the story of Dorothy Lee,
Whose brave deed was told far over the sea.
Whose thoughtful mamma had taught her to pray,
And ask the kind Saviour to help her each day.
And let you and me, when troubles arise,
Like Dorothy pray to the Lord in the skies!

NO PRAYER IN THE PILLOW

“ Not going to say my prayers to-night,” —
 And Susie climbed in bed,
While Nellie softly bowed in prayer
 Her pretty golden head.

With Susie something seemed all wrong;
 She could not sleep a bit;
And soon she caught her pillow up
 And gave it such a hit.

“ It ain’t got any sleep in it!”
 Poor Susie almost cried;
And then she closed her eyes once more,
 But turned from side to side.

Then Nellie in a gentle voice,
 Poor Susie’s trouble hit,—
“ The pillow’s wrong, I guess,” she said;
 “ There is no prayer in it.”

Then quickly from the downy bed
A little maiden slid,
And in the quilts, with flowing curls,
A clouded face was hid.

Then softly rose in whispered tones,—
“ I lay me down to sleep,”
And then ten pretty, chubby toes
Back into bed did creep.

Soon all is still, with happy dreams;
The darlings are asleep;
And round their pretty, golden heads
The angels watching keep.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME

The cottage stands beneath the hill,
Where years and years agone,
Two little barefoot boys we lived
And dreamed the dreams forlorn,
And where, with low and tuneful song,
The river, night and day,
Flowed ever on to join the sea
And left us there at play.

The little chamber, where at eve
The moonbeams soft and fair,

Like angel hands fell on our heads
 Bowed low in childhood's prayer,
Is empty now; but memory hears,
 “ I lay me down to sleep,”
And sees a weary mother long
 Her faithful watching keep.

The island, where in bathing time
 We built our cataracts,
And where while washing precious stones
 We burned our naked backs,
Is just the same; and as I stepped
 Upon its pebbly shore,
I felt the old-time thrill of joy
 That can be ours no more.

The hazel brink, where oft we sat
 Beneath its leafy shade,
When summer's sun was hot, and where
 In nutting time we strayed,
Has vanished all: and o'er the spot,
 Where we played long ago,
The grass grows green, and fragrant knots
 Of clever blossoms grow.

The modest church we loved so well
 Still decks the village green;
Its bell hangs silent now and not
 A worshipper is seen;
Good Parson R— and Deacon F—
 Long since to rest were lain;

Their children know no hell to shun,
No heaven here to gain.

The little churchyard by the wood,
Where, on from year to year,
Awaits the dust of those to us
Than all the world more dear,
Looks desolate; and here and there
A slab lies overgrown
With dark green moss, and many a grave
Is stoneless and unknown.

Ah, yes, the dear old cot still stands;
But time has left its trace
On warping door and sagging beam
And paintless window case;
But, yet, as long as memory lasts,
With pleasure we'll recall
The home where passed, of all our days,
The happiest days of all!

A PRAYER SONG

'Twas only a song, just a simple lay,
And sung in the moonlight pale,
But the tender words, and the softened air,
And the childish voice of the singer fair,
Lent a heavenly charm to the tale.

'Twas a little cot by the mountain side,
Half hid by the pine-tree shade,
And the gentle maid, with her tuneful prayer,
That the angels bore through the listening air,
Had none but her God to aid.

'Tis many a long, long year ago,
Since she sang her song that day,
Yet the hallowed light of her angel face,
And the childish trust in her Maker's grace,
Can never be banished away.

But she sings now with the sainted throng!
Yet oft on the evening air,
It seems to return like a dream of wrong,
And I listen again to that orphan's song,
As she yearns for the Father's care!

THE GLAD CHRISTMAS STORY

Of all the happy golden days,
The Heavenly Father gives us,
None can surpass for joy and praise,
The gladsome tide of Christmas.

How sad and dark the world became,
The blessed Bible tells us,
Till in a stall, at Bethlehem,
Was born the baby Jesus.

Within the inn there was no room
To place the little Stranger,
So in a cattle-cave of gloom
They laid Him in a manger.

How little dreamed that silent town
Of all the midnight wonder,
When Christ the Lord of heaven came down
To break sin's bands asunder.

And to the shepherds, that same night,
An angel told the story,
And off they hastened with delight,
And found the Lord of glory.

And then a wondrous star had led
The wise men, too, to travel,
Far from the East, with weary tread,
To see this Kingly Marvel.

And when they found the Saviour, dear,
Within the lowly manger,
They worshipped Him, and presents rare
They gave the little Stranger.

We love to tell how Jesus came,
The blessed Lord of glory,
For His is now the sweetest Name
In any song or story.

And gifts are dearer when we know
That Jesus *first* was given;
For God did love this lost world so
He gave His Son from heaven.

So let the whole wide world be glad
For all the joy it gives us,
For how could any one be sad
On such a day as Christmas!

WHAT SHALL THE RECORD BE?

Past and beyond flies another swift year,
Bearing its record for weal or for woe,
Pages of blessing and pages austere,
Onward to judgment unaltered they go.

Up from the gates of the mystic unknown,
Comes the New Year with its ledger all white,
Waiting to trace for the great Judgment throne
All that is evil and all that is right.

What shall the record be? Heaven looks down,
Breathlessly waiting the verdict to know.
What shall the record be? Stars for our crown?
Numberless blessings? — or *failure* and *woe*?

THE WEEDLESS GARNER

What you cannot think with a moral gain,
Would better remain unthought;
For your busy brain should never stain
Your soul with a sinful blot,
And the natal link, in the downward chain,
At the forge of mind is wrought.

What you cannot say in a kindly tone,
Would better remain unsaid;
For the bitter word that once has flown
Has broken the bar that led
To the plot where the stainless rose has grown,
And planted a weed instead.

What you cannot do with a sense of right,
Would better remain undone;
For a deed of wrong in your Maker's sight
May lead to a greater one,
And wreck, forever, with ruin's blight,
The hopeful life you've begun.

Then pray to be kept in the path sublime;
Be thoughtful in word and deed;
For the germ once sown will shoot and climb,
And the fruit resemble the seed;
And happiest he at the harvest-time
Whose garner contains no weed!

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER

Wash away, scrub away, cooking to do,
Sweeping and dusting and righting things, too,
Baby to bathe and children to dress,
Heaps of things coming all in a mess;
Faster and faster the flying feet move,
Now in the pantry and now at the stove,
Children are crying, and house all awry,
While she is hanging the clothing to dry;

Faster and faster the flying feet go,
Nerves on a tension and strength ebbing low,—
Tempter now whispers, “ Your lot is too hard;
Life would be altered if somebody cared.”
Just for a moment the dark shadow clings;
Then it is gone as she cheerfully sings:

“ The trusting heart to Jesus clings,
Nor any ill forebodes,
But at the cross of Calv’ry sings,
Praise God for lifted loads!

“ Singing I go along life’s road,
Praising the Lord, praising the Lord;
Singing I go along life’s road,
For Jesus has lifted my load!”

Stitch away, stitch away, mending to do,
Little torn dresses and pantaloons, too,
Stockings of black and stockings of blue,
Mittens and gloves with fingers all through;
Faster and faster the bright needle flies,
Overworked mother with tears in her eyes;
Tired and weary, she sends up a prayer
Into the ears of the God who doth care;

Faster and faster the bright needle flies,
Tears are all gone from the smiling blue eyes;
Into her soul a sweet blessing has come,
Heavenly Presence is filling the room;
All of the drudging has faded away —
Hark! she is singing so happy and gay:

“ I’ve reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

“ O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on the highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav’n, my home forever more.”



THE HOUR OF NEED

Overworked mother with tears in her eyes.

TO A DISMANTLED ROSE

This morn thou wert blooming,
And crimson and fair,
Thy bosom was filling
With sweetness the air;
But now it is even,
And down with the sun
Thy petals are fallen
And withered each one

Thy blooming is finished,—
But others as fair
From the branches that bore thee
Will sweeten the air;
And though thou art faded
And withered away,
Thy charms in remembrance
Shall never decay!

So brief is our life-day!
We bloom at its dawn,
Unfurl in its sunlight —
At eve we are gone!
But, oh, as unsullied,
Dear Saviour, may I
Leave after a fragrance
That never can die!

THE CABIN HOME

The spreading branches sway as free
As stormless waves upon the sea,
And o'er the cot, so artless made,
At noonday cast their leafy shade.

With weary limb and moistened brow,
The cotter plies the ax and plow;
While through the woodland, all the day,
His happy children sing at play.

At eventide, when work is o'er,
And bright along the kitchen floor
The mirrored blaze from out the hearth
Darts to and fro in silent mirth,—

The rustic chairs are drawn around,
And childish hearts in fancy bound,
As, easy won, their grandsire gray
Recounts the wonders of his day.

The clash of arms, the daring deed,
Of rider bold and dashing steed,
Inspire again his warrior zeal,—
Nor less than he the children feel.

The tale is o'er. The prayers are said.
The weary souls are safe in bed.

And while the angels watching keep,
Refreshing balm is found in sleep.

Rude cabin home! God gives to thee,
Though not from toil and sorrow free,
The richest boon to mortals given,—
An unfeigned love — the next is Heaven!

THE TREASURED GRAVE

Beneath the budding cherry tree,
That stands beside the wall,
Beneath the branches, where to-day
Is heard the bluebird's call,
A little mound of faded green,
Unknown to stranger, lies —
For only friends, kind, loving friends,
Can share its tender ties.

Beneath this mound one summer day,
When all the earth was bloom,
A sleeping angel there was lain —
It was her chosen tomb —
For oft beneath this cherry tree,
That stands beside the wall,
She'd lingered when the springtime came,
To hear the robins call.

And now, when summer breezes bring
 Their fragrance mild and sweet,
An aged man with bended form
 And slow, uncertain feet,
Treads silently through clover-blooms,
 And lays with loving care
A crimson garland on her grave,
 And whispers low a prayer.

For she was all his hope and joy,
 His tender, loving child;
Whose gentle grace and simple trust
 Had won his heart defiled;
Had filled his darkened soul with light;
 In quiet now she sleeps;
And only friends, kind, loving friends,
 Know where the father weeps.

A DEATHLESS SONG

A singer sang a Gospel song,
 A gem from out his only mine;
And all his theme was sin's deep wrong
 And the great Gift of Love divine.

No studied phrase or figure he
 For polished mind — not spirit — used;
A soul that loved humanity
 Through rugged words his light diffused.

Some heard his song, but hurried on;
Some paused a breath, then passed him by;
But one lost soul to Christ it won,
And now his song can never die!

LOST AND SAVED

Lost! lost! forever lost!
What word so brief and plain,
Can bathe the mirthful eyes with tears
And wound the heart with pain,
As 'mid the tide of earthly joys,
When, all unthought or guessed,
The sad news comes that we have lost
The joy we loved the best.

Yes, sad is this — but sadder still,
To live and know that we
Were made by God, and through His grace,
May live eternally;
Yet close our heart, ignore His love,
And spurn its awful cost,
And find at last our precious soul,
To God forever *lost!*

Saved! saved! forever saved!
What word so brief and plain,
Can dry the tears from weeping eyes
And soothe the heart of pain,

As when, 'mid earth's distress and grief,
 We hear the glad news sound,—
That brings for sorrow sweet relief,—
 The treasured lost is found.

Yes, sweet is this — but sweeter still,
 To live, and know that we
Are God's own children and through Christ
 Shall live eternally;
And dwell with Him in that sweet peace
 Unnumbered hearts have craved,
And praise Him for our precious soul,
 To God forever *saved!*

JUST A LITTLE THING

'Twas only a pebble, small and gray,
That rolled in the streamlet's bed one day;
But it turned aside the tiny tide,
Till far from its native course did glide
A mighty torrent deep and wide.
Aye, only a pebble, small and gray,
But it changed the map of the world that day!

'Twas only a word in an angry tone,
That a mother spoke to her baby son;
And years have fled since that word was said,
And 'tis all forgot, when a murderer red

Her own to the felon's death is led.
Aye, only a word in an angry tone,
But it turned a human heart to stone!

'Twas only a strain of a sweet old hymn,
That fell on the ear of a sinner grim;
But it turned his gaze to his childhood days,
When his mother sang that hymn of praise,
And he turned to God from his sinful ways.
Aye, only a strain of a sweet old hymn,
But it saved the soul of a sinner grim!

'Twas only a tear and a message brief
Of love to a soul bowed down in grief;
But they filled the air like perfume rare,
Around that heart so weighed with care,
Till rent was the tempter's subtle snare.
Aye, only a tear and a message brief,
But they drove the clouds from a soul in grief!

" Just a little thing! Never mind," we say,
" 'Twill be forgotten, perchance, a day;
So we join the throng with a merry song,
But the word or deed, though forgotten long,
Still bears its fruit for right or wrong.
Aye, " only a little thing," we say,
But we'll change our minds in the Judgment Day!



SAVED BY A SONG

*But it turned his gaze to his childhood days,
When his mother sang that hymn of praise,
And he turned to God from his sinful ways.*

THE TWO FLOWERS

A little flower,
Both sweet and fair,
Grew by a shining stream,
Within a bower,
Unknown to care,
And dreamt an endless dream.

A little flower,
Both sweet and fair,
Grew in a parlor bright,
And ev'ry hour,
With watchful care,
Was wet with fingers light.

The little flower
That grew alone
Beside the shining stream,
Slept in its bower,
And brighter shone,
And sweeter grew its dream.

The little flower
That tender hands
Caressed each day with pride,
Drooped low and lower,
Till in the sands,
A worthless plant it died.

These little flowers
A moral show,
And one that all may see,
That lives like ours
Will sweeter grow
If lived unselfishly !

AT ARNOLD'S HOMESTEAD

On the New Brunswick side of the St. Croix River and nearly opposite the city of Eastport, Me., still stands a dilapidated house built and for a time occupied by Benedict Arnold, after the betrayal of his country. Here, to avert the burden of guilt that preyed upon his mind, he engaged in the shipping industry. These statements have been gleaned by the writer from what he deems reliable sources and are doubtless true.

A century and more these battered walls
Like wardens grim have challenged storm and
blast,
And now, as one whom life no more recalls,
They speak in silent language of the past.

The azure sky above, the earth beneath,
The tossing waves that course the 'Quoddy Bay,
All these the Mighty Hand hath spared; but Death
Hath taken him, who knew these scenes, away.

Haunted by guilt and spurned by friend and foe,
All honor gone that once had shone so clear,
No mortal soul but his could feel or know
The dreadful pangs that forced his footsteps here.

His ships, that proudly sailed these waters o'er,
Lie shattered now beneath the surging wave;
And soon these walls will brook the blast no more,
But seek the dust that fills their maker's grave.

No song of bird in gladness breaks the gloom,
Nor charm of nature fills the searching eye;
Within the walls, 'mid silence deep as tomb,
In damp decay the scattered relics lie.

The stunted flowers, unknown to friendly care,
In numbers few bend o'er the sterile earth,
And for their smile a look of sadness wear,
That fate to them should bring ignoble birth.

A pulsing chill steals through the frame of him
Whose footsteps press the sands where once he
trod,
And fancy sees a form and visage grim,
And hears a restless pace along the sward.

Sin hath its wage; and wrong to virtue's cause
Is but the seed of sorrow and regret.
Here once a *traitor* lived. The law of laws
Bids us forgive — but *him*, who can forget!

MAY BRING BLESSINGS

Your faith may bring blessings from heaven, my friend,

 Of the deepest and richest of God;
The sunbeams of love with your labor may blend,
 And the Spirit's blest fruitage afford;
Then your sinning and sorrow, and self-love and care,

 Will all vanish like shadows at dawn,
And your burdens, now heavy and painful to bear,
 Will decamp like the Arabs at morn.

Your smile may bring blessings to some one, my friend,

 'Tis the sunshine of love that we need;
All your worry and trouble would soon have an end,

 If you'd never the dark places heed;
The world has its millions in sin and despair,
 And the Christian oft weeps by the way;
So a smile may help some one his burden to bear,
 While a frown may cause some one to stray.

Your words may bring blessings of comfort, my friend,

 If they're spoken in mercy and love;
There are hearts that are broken none other may mend —
 Gently say, "There's no sorrow above."

A sentence is fearful, when life is the cost;
Often thousands are swept at a breath;
But a word of compassion, to one that is lost,
May save him from ruin and death.

Your life may bring blessings to many, my friend,
If 'tis pure like the rays of the sun;
There are souls in the meshes of evil's dark trend
That from error and sin may be won;
And when angels have wafted your spirit on high,
Even then, like good Abel of old,
Will your influence live, like the stars in the sky,
For the blessing of millions untold!

THE SALOON-KEEPER

Bend low, O man, whose lips profess
The love of truth and soberness;
Nor deign to lift thy bended knee
Before his august majesty!

Who talks of law, of wrong deposed?
Let his unhallowed lips be closed.
Dry up the tears for human woe;—
Before this demigod bow low.

Bring out the hearse, ring long the knell,
A hundred thousand souls for hell!
A hundred thousand, aye, and more,
Doomed to the death where hope is o'er!

Hark to the wail of dread despair
That pierces through the chill night air,
Telling where wanders, homeless and wild,
Some naked, starving drunkard's child.

Ascend the garret's rickety stair,
Behold the pallid mother there;
See how her bony fingers fly
To earn a crust for hers — or die.

Shall it be thus? And must we fall
Beneath this hellish monster's thrall?
Shall we but crouch at his command,
And fear to stay his blood-stained hand?

Shall Christian voters dare to pray,
And wink at this another day?
Shall men profess a God to trust,
And tramp His precepts in the dust?

Great God forbid! Let "murderer" brand
This blood-stained outlaw of the land!
Let man and womanhood arise,
Nor brood in silence o'er these cries!

Oh, haste the day whose welcome birth
Will light this shadow from the earth!
When none shall find within the bowl,
The doom of health, the death of soul!

SEEDS FOR ETERNITY

A simple thing,
An idle thought,
Winged by our lips
And soon forgot;
But like the seed,
Borne on the wind,
Must, near or far,
A lodgment find.

Within some heart,
Or young or old,
Unheeded still
Its shoots unfold;
Yet like the seed
In autumn fair,—
For right or wrong,—
Must fruitage bear.

Ah, then weigh well
Thy lightest thought,
For sowing-time
At most is short.
And, sown in love,
May each seed be
For God, right, and
Eternity!

THE HIGHER CRITIC

Ah, this is the man you've read about,
Who is sowing abroad the tares of doubt,
With his head all stored with " roots " and " stems ";
And " colloquials " and " idioms "—
As a butcher carves a lifeless bird,
So he mutilates God's Living Word.

In this age of scientific thought,
When the brain is throned and soul forgot
And the world becomes intoxicated
With each new fad inaugurated,
Oh, the silly shame that man should rise
And the mysteries of God despise!

One would think creation's boundless scope
Were enough with brightest brains to cope;
With the worlds uncounted in the sky,
And a pole down South we've yet to spy;
With the nameless germs of grim disease
For a Koch to " anti "-fy or freeze;

With the Wright that can o'er seas be whirled,
And the " wireless " phone around the world;
With the spread of deeper love for peace,
Till the horrid wars of earth shall cease;
With a thousand other fields to scan,
Why this havoc of God's Word by man ?

Till he gives to lifeless matter birth,
And commands the fetid dead come forth;
Till he breaks his tomb and walks out free,
And defies the law of gravity!
Oh, the nerve and pride, unbid, to sit
A censor of the Great Infinite!

But he does, and they call him "*reverent*" —
As it were, to throw folks "off the scent" —
While he works away with pen and shears,
Like a butcher without sobs or tears,
Till the books of Moses are a sight,
And the rest have holes for "newer light."

He is sure the "Flood" was just a tale,
And that Jonah dreamed about the "Whale";
That "Daniel," whose faith shut lions' jaws,
Was simply a saint who never was;
And everything that could glorify
An Almighty God he gives the lie.

But the tares he's sowing he'll have to reap,
When the Judge divides the goats and sheep;
For a fearful harvest, deep in hell,
Will await this pious infidel,
Where, among the wrecks of faith he's made,
He will curse eternally his trade!

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SOUL

How blurred and blind the soul of sinful man
To all the grander things of destiny;
Absorbed, childlike, with toys, he fails to scan
The mountain peaks of life's immensity!

Youth comes and goes and manhood slips away,
And still his vision fails to pierce the mist;
Down like the beast he lies in death's dark day,
His soul with heaven's sunshine never kissed!

Out o'er that bourne from whence no soul returns,
Into the vast eternity he goes;
And all too late his dreadful folly learns,
When he with Dives wakes to bitter woes!

"Oh, God!" he cries, but, ah, too late for prayer;
'Tis not repentance now but pain he feels;
Awake, at last, he weeps in wild despair,
As down the caverns of the lost he reels!

"Too late! too late!" Could souls but hear that
wail,
Wrung from the lips when hope's last gleam is
fled,
How they would start and turn with horror pale,
And ne'er again the paths of folly tread!

But drugged and drunk with fornication's wine,
And hellward hurled by passion's reinless steed,
The worldling sweeps to death, more vile than
swine,
No wrath, no retribution in his creed!

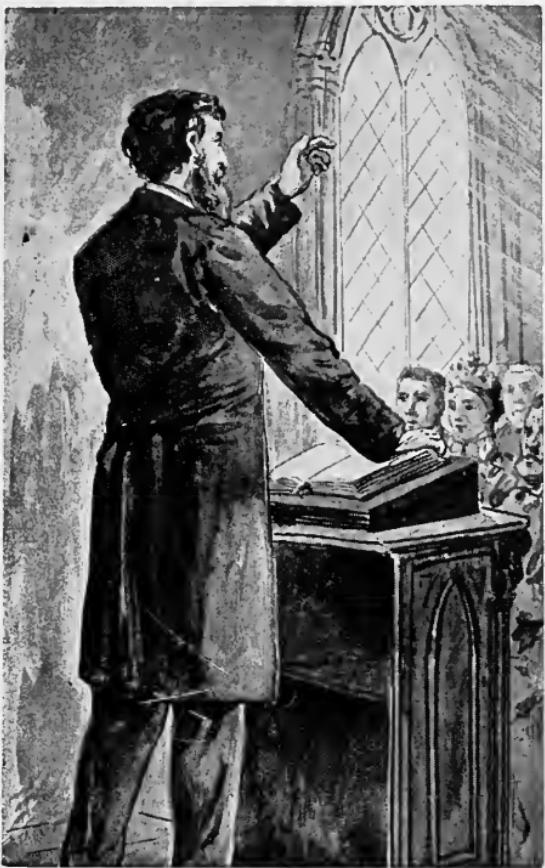
Ah, who shall end this vain delusive dream,
That waves its magic wand o'er countless souls,
Till, like some vast intoxicated stream,
They plunge to where hell's awful chasm rolls!

Awake! ambassadors of God, awake!
Take down the warning trump that long has lain
Unused, and blow till sinful hearts shall quake
And fear the God of Sinai once again!

Peal out the note that Christ hath pow'r to save,
And willeth not that any soul shall die;
Then blow in thundrous tones the message grave,
That Judgment's fearful day is drawing nigh!

Ring out the truth that sin must have its wage;
That Love will bow to Justice at the last;
That when the angel pens life's final page,
Salvation's day will be forever past!

Proclaim that "second death" beyond the tomb;
Tell of the "fixed gulf" and "burning lake;"
Blow! ere the blood of souls shall seal your doom!
Awake! O watchmen on the walls, awake!



THE FAITHFUL AMBASSADOR

*Ring out the truth that sin must have its
wage.
That Love will bow to Justice at the last.*

THE GOOD OLD-TIME RELIGION

To my esteemed friend and co-laborer, L. D. Peavey

Some people long for riches,
And some are after fame,
And some go to the theater
And think religion's tame,
And some run here, and some run there,
To get their poor souls fed,
But good old-time religion's
A million miles ahead!

Some love the world's adorning,
Its golden rings and chains,
Which often hide their wanting
In moral worth and brains,
And some crave this, and some crave that,
By fickle fancy led,
But good old-time religion's
A million miles ahead!

Some think there's joy in drinking,
And squander all for rum,
And some seem happy smoking
And smelling like a bum,
And some chase banquetteings and balls,
Till they are nearly dead,
But good old-time religion's
A million miles ahead!

Let others follow Satan,
And travel sin's broad way,
And starve their souls by feeding
On husks from day to day,
But I'll choose Canaan's corn and wine
And holy joy, instead,
For good old-time religion's
A million miles ahead!

Give me a grand good meeting,
With Pentecost outpoured,
And milk and honey flowing
Like heaven can afford,
And seekers praying till the skies
Their floods of glory shed,—
Oh, good old-time religion's still
A million miles ahead!

DISGUISED BLESSINGS

I murmured once, when things awry
To all my plans and wishes went —
“ My wretched luck,” I then would sigh,
And mourn for days the sad event.

But, oh, how changed, since my blind eyes
Were opened unseen things to see —
Now richest blessings in disguise
My greatest trials bring to me!

JUST GONE BEFORE

Written on reading of the death of Mrs. Deborah Goodspeed (familiarly known among friends as "Aunt Debbie"), which occurred at her home in Peniac, N.B., November 16, 1908. These lines are dedicated to her sorrowing husband,— "Uncle Ben"

" Not dead ? " Oh, no! Just gone before,
 To the land beyond the sun!
Life's toils and troubles all are o'er,
 The bliss of Heaven begun!
As soft as dews at eventide,
 Calm as a tranquil sea,
She crossed the tide to the glory side,
 With her blessed Lord to be!

The world will bicker on its way,
 The changing seasons come;
The rushing trains from day to day
 Will thunder by the home;
The dreamy Nashwaak still will flow
 To join the briny main;
But dear Aunt Debbie ne'er will know
 These pleasant scenes again.

The summer's sun will higher climb,
 The grasses green will spring;
The bobolink in haying-time
 His cheerful song will sing;

The interval, with herd's-grass tall,
Will bend before the breeze;
And daisies, too, will rise and fall
Like billows on the seas.

The landscape still will stretch away,
With scenes of beauty rare;
The orchard trees will bloom in May,
And perfume all the air;
The bees will gather honey sweet,
And swarm before the door;
But dear Aunt Debbie's eyes will greet
These cherished scenes no more.

The children cannot understand
Why grandma ne'er appears,
To smooth their cheeks with loving hand
And kiss away their tears;
And Alice weeps and Clarence mourns
A mother kind and true,
And Mary sobs as thought returns
Her girlhood days to view.

Dear Uncle Ben, how lonely now
The gliding moments seem;
Life's many cares have weighed his brow,
And all seems like a dream;
How full of Heaven's bliss the years
That have so swiftly fled;
And how through all their joys and tears
The Hand of God has led.

And now he loves to take the track
 To those bright early days,
And from the treasured past bring back
 Love's shining golden rays;
Those days when first there sounded out
 The glorious Gospel Word,
That stirred New Brunswick with its shout
 Of "cleansing through the blood!"

And then the scenes of holy joy,
 With hundreds pressing on
To bid adieu to sin's alloy —
 The wilderness forlorn;
And into Canaan's sunny land,
 With milk and honey blest,
To enter at their Lord's command
 And "find that second rest."

And then again how oft return
 Those sweet camp-meeting days,
When every heart with love did burn,
 And swelled the Saviour's praise;
And when, like Deborah of old,
 The sainted loved one stood,
And with a heart o'erflowing told
 Of Jesus' cleansing blood!

Those blissful days are past and gone!
 Yet sweet their memory clings;
And oft again to Uncle Ben
 They come on angel wings;

And Beulah Camp and many a scene,
Where hearts were set afame,
And dearer now by far to him
Than ere this parting came.

Oh, yes, dear ones feel sad and lone!
How changed the old home seems!
Such sorrow ne'er its walls have known,
Nor yet such golden dreams;
'Tis sad to part, but just before
What joys await the soul!
On Heaven's shore to part no more
While countless ages roll!

" We should not sorrow," God hath said,
" As those who have no hope;"
We do not mourn this saint as dead,
And like the heathen grope;
She's happy now in Paradise,
Where comes no grief or pain,
And waits the hour when love's sweet ties
Will ne'er be broke again.

So let us sing our hymns of praise,
Nor waver in the flight;
'Twill only be a few more days
Before the morning bright,
When we shall say to earth, " Good-bye,"
And join the blood-washed throng,
And sing with all the saints on high
The glad Redemption song!

THE SILENT VOICE

The tide flows in, and the tide flows out,
And the weary hours go by,
And I watch and wait, till the evening late,
By the billows tossing high,—
And the tide comes in, and the tide goes out,
And I echo the ocean's sigh.

The tide flows in, and the tide flows out,
And the waves on the pebbly shore,
With a cadence sweet forever repeat
A name that is mine no more,—
And the tide comes in, and the tide goes out,
And I hear not the rush and roar.

The tide flows in, and the tide flows out,
And the saddened days go by,
And I linger still, by the sheltering hill,
And call as the waves toss high,—
And the tide comes in, and the tide goes out,—
But a *voice* will never reply.

The tide flows in, and the tide flows out,
And an angel from the skies,
Says the one I love is with Christ above
In the bliss of Paradise,—
And the tide comes in, and the tide goes out,
And the cup of my sorrow dries!

The tide flows in, and the tide flows out,
And I leave the pebbly shore
For the pain and mirth of the life of earth,
But I'm singing o'er and o'er,—
As the tide comes in and the tide goes out,—
“ We shall meet where they part no more! ”

EVA

The birds will come and sing, dear,
Their songs as soft and sweet,
The clover bloom as freshly
Around the arbor seat,
And greener still the woodbine
Will wreath around the door,
But soft-eyed, gentle Eva
Will meet with them no more.

Our home is not the same, dear,
Its brightest light is fled;
I miss the tender kisses,
I miss the roses red,
That bathed in perfume covered
My desk each morning o'er;
But gentle, loving Eva
Will gather them no more.

The autumn leaves will fall, dear,
And friends and children come,
To join the yearly circle
And greet the dear old home;
But all will meet in sorrow,
And murmur sadly o'er,—
“ Sweet loving, angel Eva
Will meet with us no more.”

The leaves of life will fall, dear,
And friends and children come,
To greet again in sorrow
The sad and dark old home;
But you and I'll not meet them,
And sad they'll murmur o'er,—
“They've gone with angel Eva,
To meet with us no more.”

THE OLD MAN'S VISION

The old man sits in his time-worn chair,
With silver threads in his once dark hair.
- Across his knees, in a playful way,
He swings a prattling grandson, gay.

The baby sees in his care-worn face
The shaded light of its mother's grace,

And firmly clings to his palsied arm
As if it knew it would shield all harm.

The old man looks with his age-dimmed eyes
On the smiling babe and sadly sighs;
For in that innocent face he seems
To behold the one of his youthful dreams.

Then gently back, on memory's wing,
He is swiftly borne to his life's bright spring,
And lives again in the joy and love
Of those now gone to the home above.

Before him stretches a meadow fair;
And he sees a girl with flowing hair,
Hand in hand with a bright-eyed boy,
Rich in the treasures of love and joy.

Daily they roam through its forest of flowers,
Building the castles of childhood's hours;
Together they stray; and as years roll on,
They join their hands and their hearts as one

Then softly and gently, as flowers decay,
The weaker one falls in a sleep by the way;
Then sadly the other — but, "Ma!" comes a cry,
And the old man is wiping a tear from his eye.



THE CHRISTIAN HOSTS ARE MARCHING

See the Gospel light is breaking
O'er the continents and seas,
And the heathen lands are waking
From their sleep of centuries;
For the Christian hosts are marching
To the conquest of the world,
And they'll never cease the conflict
Until Satan's flag is furled.

Nineteen hundred years the sunlight
Has been shining out the gloom,
Since "The Holy Ghost and fire
Glorified the "upper room "

And the regiments of Heaven,
Clad in armor strong and bright,
Fast are sweeping o'er the nations,
Putting Satan's host to flight.

Be of courage, then, my comrades
Let the might of God inspire;
For around us Heaven's "horses"
Press with "chariots of fire."
He that saved us from our sinning,
Washed us in His cleansing blood,
Will not see our faith confounded
While we rest upon His Word.

Clear as sun at cloudless midday,
And as fair as silver moon,
Will the church with victor's banners
Shout the final triumph soon;
And amid the host of martyrs,
Prophets, priests, and kings we'll sing,
Till the praise of our Redeemer
Makes the golden arches ring!

GRACE

Grace is the angel of eternal summer-time,
Whose minstrelsy
Crowns youthful joys, and garnishes for gloomy age
Its sunset sky!

SPIRIT-WRECKED

Oh, how often like the little tired birdling,
That has winged its way far out upon the sea,
Tempest-tossed and weighed with mist and briny
spraying,
Beating back to land again nigh hopelessly,

Is the soul that's drifted far out o'er life's ocean,
Lured by many a false mirage away from shore,
Famishing and spirit-wrecked by sin's fierce billows,
Seeking now the haven of God's love once more.

Birdling, do not venture o'er the stormy billows —
Scores like thee have found a grave beneath the
foam!
Brother, chase no more the forms of fleeting pleas-
ure —
Millions never find again the pathway home!

Who can ever tell the sorrows, pains, and heart-
aches,
Of the weary, hopeless wand'rer o'er life's sea,
As he sinks at last beneath sin's angry billows,
Lost to God and love and home eternally!

SOON COMES HEAVEN

Onward sweeps the blood-washed army,—
Do you hear it?
Shouting rends the morning balmy,—
Do you hear it?
Down the ages she's been tramping,
Nearer final victory camping,—
Hark! again the bugle's trumping,—
Do you hear it?

Willing volunteers are wanted,—
Will you be one?
Men who'll face the foe undaunted,—
Will you be one?
Poverty and wounds of spirit
Every soldier may inherit,
But how grand with Christ to share it,—
Will you be one?

Fighting days will soon be over,—
Then comes heaven!
What if now 'tis not all clover? —
Soon comes heaven!
Then we'll reign with our Commander
Where there's everlasting splendor,
And no earthly trials ponder,
When comes heaven!

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